

Bible A
K COLLECTION
OF
P S A L M S,
FROM THE
MOST APPROVED VERSIONS;
IN
PORTIONS of a CONVENIENT LENGTH
FOR
PUBLIC WORSHIP.

—●●●●—
SIXTH EDITION.
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O come, let us sing unto the Lord—And make a joyful noise unto him with Psalms—Teaching and admonishing one another in Psalms, and Hymns, and Spiritual Songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord.

Psal. xcv.—1, 2. Coloss. iii.—16.

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C. Braggshaw
York
To Ann Harbourn

P R E F A C E.

SINGING has been used by the Church of God in all ages. It formed part of the daily service in the antient Temple. Christ and his Apostles sung a hymn together, the evening before his crucifixion; and the Primitive Christians continued the same practice, in their public worship, even at the hazard of their lives. It is evidently calculated to excite and express devout affections of every kind. But what is of still greater consequence, it is of divine appointment. As the ordinance of God it demands our respect; and that we may be enabled to serve him acceptably in it, we are furnished, in his holy Word, with a great variety of Psalms, and Hymns, and Spiritual Songs, for our constant use. And yet the present state of Psalmody in our congregations shews that this ordinance of God is fallen into neglect and contempt. Among many other things that have contributed to it, may be reckoned an improper choice of passages from the book of Psalms, and of tunes. To remedy this is the design of the following collection.

P R E F A C E.

The portions are selected chiefly from the Old and New Versions, and from those of Watts and Merrick. The two letters at the beginning of every Psalm shew whose version it is. Each portion is of a length proper to be sung at one time. The subjects of them all are applicable to the state of Christians in general, and they are adapted to such easy tunes as may be sung by the whole congregation.—But the design of this collection cannot be answered without the concurrence of the congregation, and an attention to these few rules.

Those who possess a musical voice and ear, should learn the tunes perfectly, and then endeavour to join heartily in this part of the service, and sing aloud, for an example and instruction to the rest.

Those who have a harsh voice, or an imperfect ear, should sing low, that they may not, by a discordant noise, overpower better voices, and defeat the end of singing.

P R E F A C E.

Those who are totally without a voice or ear for music, should not attempt to sing, but be content to join in heart and affection.

Lastly: The whole congregation ought to stand up during the singing, as they do in reading the Psalms; for if this posture is decent and proper when the Psalms are only read, it is still more so when they are sung. It appears to have been the posture observed in the Temple and in the Primitive Church. Our congregations, it is probable, never sat till they ceased to sing, and this idle posture helps to increase the neglect into which Psalmody is fallen. By standing up we express a readiness to join with our Christian Brethren in this ordinance, which it is certainly our duty to do. By sitting, when no bodily infirmity requires it, we shew a proud disdain, or at least an indifference, which is very inconsistent with the temper in which a solemn act of religion ought to be performed.

P R E F A C E.

A proper attention to these rules, and particularly a due respect for singing as a divine institution, would remove the contempt that has been cast upon it, and make it a pleasant and an edifying part of public worship.

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PSALMS
FOR
PUBLIC WORSHIP.

PSALM I. *Part. w. v.*

THE man is ever blest
Who shuns the sinners' ways,
Among their councils never stands,
Nor takes the scorner's place;

But makes the law of God
His study and delight,
Amidst the labours of the day,
And watches of the night.

He like a tree shall thrive,
With waters near the root:
Fresh as the leaf his name shall live,
His works are heav'nly fruit.

God knows and he approves
The way the righteous go;
But sinners, and their works, shall meet
A dreadful overthrow.

PSALMS.

PSAL. 3. *Part. w. v.*

O LORD! how many are my fears?
How fast my foes increase?
Conspiring my eternal death,
They break my present peace.

The lying Tempter would persuade
There's no relief in heav'n,
And all my swelling sins appear
Too great to be forgiv'n.

But thou, my glory and my strength,
Shalt on the Tempter tread,
Shalt silence all my threatening guilt,
And raise my drooping head.

Salvation to the Lord belongs,
His arm alone can save.
Blessings attend thy people here,
And reach beyond the grave.

PSALMS.

PSAL. 4. Part. o. v.

O MORTAL men ! how long will ye
My glory thus despise !
Why wander ye in vanity,
And follow after lies ?

Offer to God the sacrifice
Of righteousness and praise,
And look that in the living Lord
You put your trust always.

The greater part seek worldly goods,
And riches to embrace ;
But, Lord, grant us thy countenance,
Thy favour and thy grace.

*To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.*

PSALMS.

PSAL. 5. *Part. M. v.*

THE words that from my lips proceed,
My thôts, for thou those thôts canst read,
My God, my King, attentive weigh,
And hear, O hear me when I pray.

Do thou, just God, my path prepare
And guard me from each hurtful snare;
O send me thy conducting ray,
And level to my steps thy way.

May all whose trust on thee is plac'd
Peace and delight perpetual taste;
Sav'd by thy power, in songs of joy
Their ever grateful voice employ.

To each who bears an upright heart,
Thy grace its blessing shall impart;
Strong as a brazen shield thy aid
Around him casts its covering shade.

P S A L M S.

PSAL. 6. *Part. M. v.*

O SPARE me, Lord, nor o'er my head
The fulness of thy vengeance shed :
With pitying eye my weakness view,
Heal my vex'd soul, my strength renew :

And O, if yet my sins demand
The wise corrections of thy hand,
Yet give my pains their bounds to know,
And fix a period to my woe.

Thy servant's voice attentive weigh,
And bid, O bid thy heavenly ray
With healing influence o'er me rise,
Ere death's dark slumber close my eyes.

Thy mercy, Lord, dispels my fear,
Thou wilt, great God, return and hear;
My hopes on thy salvation rest,
And fill with conscious joy my breast.

PSALMS.

PSAL. 8. *Part. w. v.*

O LORD our God, how wondrous great
Is thine exalted name !
The glories of thy heav'nly state
Let men and babes proclaim.

When I behold thy works on high,
The moon that rules the night,
And stars that well adorn the sky,
Those moving worlds of light ;

Lord, what is man, or all his race,
Who dwells so far below,
That thou should'st visit him with grace,
And love his nature so !

That thine eternal Son should bear
To take a mortal form,
Made lower than his angels are,
To save a dying worm.

O Lord our God, how wondrous great
Is thine exalted name !
The glories of thy heav'nly state
Let all the world proclaim.

PSALMS.

PSAL. 9. *Part. N. V.*

TO celebrate thy praise, O Lord,
I will my heart prepare ;
To all the lift'ning world thy works,
Thy wondrous works declare.

The thoughts of them shall to my soul
Exalted pleasures bring,
Whilst to thy name, O thou Most High,
Triumphant praise I sing,

God is a constant, sure defence
Against oppressing rage :
As troubles rise, his needful aids
In our behalf engage.

All those who have his goodness prov'd
Will in his truth confide ;
Whose mercy ne'er forsook the man
That on his help rely'd.

Sing praises therefore to the Lord,
From Sion his abode ;
Proclaim his deeds, till all the world
Confess no other God.

2 M J A 2 9
P S A L M S.

PsAL. 16. *Part. o. v.*

THE place wherein my lot is fall'n,
In beauty doth excel :
The heritage assign'd to me
Doth please me wondrous well.

For why ? the Lord the portion is
Of my inheritance ;
And he it is that doth preserve
My lot from all mischance.

I set the Lord still in my sight,
And trust him over all,
For he doth stand at my right-hand,
Therefore I shall not fall.

Because of this my heart was glad,
And joy shall be exprest
Ev'n by my glory ; and my flesh
In confidence shall rest.

Thou wilt shew me the path of life,
Where there are joys in store,
And where at thy right-hand there are
Pleasures for evermore.

PSALMS.

PSAL. 17. Part. w. v.

WHAT sinners value I resign;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine;
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

This life's a dream, an empty show;
But the bright world, to which I go,
Hath joys substantial and sincere;
When shall I wake and find thee there?

O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near, and like my God!
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

My flesh shall slumber in the ground
Till the last trumpeter's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains with sweet surprize,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

P S A L M S.

PSAL. 18. *Part. o. v.*

O GOD, my strength and fortitude,
Of force I must love thee :
Thou art my castle and defence
In my necessity.

I, fore beset with pain and grief,
Did pray to God for grace,
And he forthwith heard my complaint
Out of his holy place.

The Lord descended from above,
And bow'd the heav'ns most high ;
And underneath his feet he cast
The darkness of the sky.

On cherub and on cherubim
Full royally he rode ;
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad.

He brought me forth in open place,
That so I might be free ;
And kept me safe, because he had
A favour unto me.

P S A L M S.

PSAL. 19. *First Part.* N. V.

THE heav'ns declare thy glory, Lord,
Which that alone can fill;
The firmament and stars express
Their great Creator's skill.

God's perfect law converts the soul,
Reclaims from false desires;
With sacred wisdom his sure word
The ignorant inspires.

The statutes of the Lord are just,
And bring sincere delight:
His pure commands in search of truth;
Assist the feeblest sight.

My trusty counsellors they are,
And friendly warnings give:
Divine rewards attend on those
Who by thy precepts live.

PSALMS.

PSAL. 19. *Second Part.* M. V.

BEST Instructor from thy ways
Who can tell how oft he strays?
Cleanse me from the guilt that lies
Wrapt within my heart's disguise:

Let me thence, by thee renew'd,
Each presumptuous sin exclude:
So my lot shall ne'er be join'd
With the men of impious mind.

Let my tongue, from error free,
Speak the words approv'd by thee:
To thy all-observing eyes
Let my thoughts accepted rise.

While I thus thy name adore,
And thy healing grace implore,
Blest Redeemer, bow thine ear,
God, my strength, propitious hear.

*To th' eternal Three be giv'n
Praise on earth, and praise in heav'n,
Such as was through ages past,
Is, and shall for ever last.*

PSALMS.

PSAL. 21. Part. w. v.

HOW great is the Messiah's joy
In the salvation of thy hand!
Lord, thou hast rais'd his kingdom high,
And giv'n the world to his command.

Thy goodness grants whate'er he will,
Nor doth the least request withhold;
Blessings of love prevent him still,
And crowns of glory, not of gold.

Honour and majesty divine
Around his sacred temples shine,
Blest with the favour of thy face,
And length of everlasting days.

*Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heav'nly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.*

P S A L M S:

PSAL. 23. *Part. o. v*

MY shepherd is the living Lord,
Nothing therefore I need :
In pastures fair, near pleasant streams,
He setteth me to feed.

He shall convert and glad my soul,
And bring my mind in frame,
To walk in paths of righteousness,
For his most holy name.

Yea though I walk in vale of death,
Yet will I fear no ill,
Thy rod and staff doth comfort me,
And thou art with me still.

Through all my life thy favour is
So frankly shew'd to me,
That in thy house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

P S A L M S.

PSAL. 24. *Part. w. v.*

REJOICE, ye shining worlds on high,
Behold the King of glory nigh !
Who can this King of glory be ?
The mighty Lord, the Saviour's he.

Ye heav'nly gates, your leaves display
To make the Lord the Saviour way :
Laden with spoils from earth and hell ;
The Conqueror comes with God to dwell.

Rais'd from the dead he goes before,
He opens heav'n's eternal door
To give his saints a blest abode,
Near their Redeemer and their God.

*Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise him all creatures here below ;
Praise him above, ye heav'nly host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.*

P S A L M S.

PSAL. 25. *Part. N. V.*

THY mercies and thy love,
O Lord, recal to mind ;
And graciously continue still,
As thou wert ever kind.

Let all my youthful crimes
Be blotted out by thee ;
And for thy wondrous goodness sake,
In mercy think on me.

His mercy and his truth,
The righteous Lord displays,
In bringing wand'ring sinners home,
And teaching them his ways.

He those in justice guides
Who his direction seek ;
And in his sacred paths shall lead
The humble and the meek.

Through all the ways of God
Both truth and mercy shine,
To such as with religious hearts
To his bless'd will incline.

P S A L M S.

PSAL. 28. *Part. o. v.*

TO render thanks unto the Lord,
How great a cause have I,
My voice, my pray'r, and my complaint,
Who heard so willingly !

He is my shield and fortitude,
My buckler in distress :
My heart rejoiceth greatly, and
My song shall him confess.

He is our strength and our defence,
Our foes for to resist :
The health and the salvation of
His own elect by Christ.

Thy People and thy heritage,
Lord, bless, guide, and preserve :
Increase them, Lord, and rule their hearts,
That they may never swerve.

P S A L M S.

PSAL. 31. *Part. N. v.*

HOW great thy mercies are
To such as fear thy name,
Which thou, for those that trust thy care,
Dost to the world proclaim !

Thou keep'st them in thy sight,
From proud oppressors free :
From tongues that do in strife delight,
They are preserv'd by thee.

O all ye faints, the Lord
With eager love pursue ;
Who to the just will help afford,
And give the proud their due.

Ye that on God rely,
Courageously proceed ;
For he will still your hearts supply
With strength in time of need.

*To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, glory be ;
As 'twas, and is, and shall be so,
To all eternity.*

P S A L M S.

PSAL. 32. *Part. M. v.*

HOW blest the man, whose conscious grief
From thee, great God, has found relief;
Whose guilt thy boundless love has veil'd,
His fears compos'd, his weakness heal'd.

My humbled soul its crimes shall own:
Behold me bow before thy throne,
To thee my inmost guilt disclose,
And in thy bosom pour my woes.

But lo! while yet my hands I rear,
The voice of mercy to my ear
Descends, and whisp'ring peace within,
Confirms the pardon of my sin.

For this shall all who thee adore,
Ere yet the day of grace be o'er,
To thee with stedfast hope repair,
To thee prefer th'unwearied prayer.

When various griefs my soul surround,
In thee my sure retreat is found;
Thy wish'd salvation meets my eyes,
And songs of triumph round me rise.

P S A L M S.

PSAL. 33. Part. N. V.

LET all the just to God with joy
Their cheerful voices raise;
For well the righteous it becomes
To sing glad songs of praise.

For faithful is the word of God,
His works with truth abound;
He justice loves, and all the earth
Is with his goodness crown'd.

Whate'er the mighty Lord decrees,
Shall stand for ever sure;
The settled purpose of his heart
To ages shall endure.

How happy then are they to whom
The Lord for God is known!
Whom he, from all the world besides,
Has chosen for his own.

Our soul on God with patience waits,
Our help and shield is he:
Then, Lord, let still our hearts rejoice,
Because we trust in thee.

P S A L M S.

PSAL. 34. *Part. N. V.*

THRO' all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

Fear him, ye faints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear ;
Make you his service your delight,
He'll make your wants his care.

Deliv'rance to his saints he gives,
When his relief they crave :
He's nigh to heal the broken heart,
And contrite spirit save.

For God preserves the souls of those
Who on his truth depend ;
To them, and their posterity,
His blessings shall descend.

*To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.*

PSALMS.

PSAL. 36. *Part. w. v.*

HIGH in the heav'ns, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break through ev'ry cloud
That veils and darkens thy designs.

For ever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of thy hands,
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

Thy providence is kind and large,
Both man and beast thy bounty share;
The whole creation is thy charge,
But saints are thy peculiar care.

From the provisions of thy house
We shall be fed with sweet repast;
There mercy, like a river, flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.

Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the presence of our Lord;
And in thy light our souls shall see
The glories promis'd in thy word.

P S A L M S.

PSAL. 37. Part. o. v.

FRET not thyself if sinners rise
To worldly wealth and sway,
For like the grafs, or the green herb,
They soon shall fade away.

In God set all thy heart's delight,
And look what thou would'st have,
Or else canst wish in all the world,
Thou need'st it not to crave.

Cast both thyself and thy affairs
On God with perfect trust :
And then thou shalt with patience see
Th' effect both sure and just.

For the salvation of the saints
Doth come from God above,
Who in their troubles sends them aid
Of his mere grace and love.

*To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
All glory be therefore,
As in beginning was, is now,
And shall be evermore.*

PSALMS.

PsAL. 39. *Part. N. v.*

LORD, let me know my term of days,
How soon my life shall end;
The num'rous train of ills disclose
Which this frail state attend.

My life, thou know'st, is but a span,
A cypher sums my years:
And ev'ry man, in best estate,
But vanity appears.

Man, like a shadow, vainly walks,
With fruitless cares oppress'd:
He heaps up wealth, but cannot tell
By whom 'twill be possess'd.

Why should I then, on worthless toys,
With anxious care attend?
On thee alone, my stedfast hope
Shall ever, Lord, depend.

P S A L M S.

PSAL. 40. *Part. w. v.*

THE wonders, Lord, thy love has wrought
Exceed our praise, surmount our thought;
Should I attempt the long detail,
My speech would faint, my numbers fail.

No blood of beasts, on altars spilt,
Can cleanse the souls of men from guilt;
But thou hast set before our eyes
An all-sufficient sacrifice.

Lo! thine eternal Son appears,
To thy designs he bows his ears;
A body takes, by thee prepar'd,
And well performs a work so hard.

"Behold, I come"—the Saviour cries,
With love and duty in his eyes;
"I come to bear the heavy load
Of sin, and do thy will, my God."

*Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heav'nly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.*

PSALMS.

PSAL. 41. *Part. o. v. A.*

BLEST is the man who yields his store
With kind compassion to the poor;
In time of danger and of dread
The Lord himself will bring him aid,
With length of days shall he be crown'd,
For he a friend in heav'n has found.

Nor will that heav'nly friend forego
His help, or yield him to his foe;
If age brings on disease and pain,
He will not at his doom complain;
And ev'n if death approaches near,
Will meet his fate without a fear.

For God with faith shall raise his head,
Shall smoothe with hope his dying bed;
His deeds of charity shall find
Acceptance in his Maker's mind,
Who soon shall make his anguish cease,
And bid his soul depart in peace.

PSALMS.

PSAL. 42. *Part. M. V.*

AS pants the Hart for cooling springs,
So longs my soul, O King of kings,
Thy face in near approach to see,
So thirsts, great source of life, for thee :
When shall I reach thy blest abode ?
When meet the presence of my God ?

To thee my soul ascends in prayer,
And in thy bosom pours its care :
God of my strength, attend my cry.
Say why, my great Preserver, why,
Excluded from thy sight I go,
And bend beneath a weight of woe ?

Why thus, my soul, with care oppress'd ?
And whence the woes that fill my breast ?
In all thy cares, in all thy woes,
On God thy stedfast hope repose ;
To him my thanks shall yet be paid,
My sure defence, my constant aid.

PSALMS.

PSAL. 45. *Part. w. v.*

I'LL speak the honours of my King,
His form divinely fair;
None of the sons of mortal race
With Jesus may compare.

Sweet is thy speech, and heav'nly grace
Upon thy lips is shed,
Thy God with blessings infinite
Hath crown'd thy sacred head.

Gird on thy sword, victorious Prince,
Ride with majestic sway;
Thy terror shall strike through thy foes,
And make the world obey.

Thy throne, O God, for ever stands;
Thy word of grace shall prove
A peaceful sceptre in thy hands,
To rule the saints by love.

Justice and truth attend thee still,
But mercy is thy choice;
And God, thy God, thy soul shall fill
With most peculiar joys.

PSALMS.

PSAL. 46. *Part. N. V.*

GOD is our refuge in distress,
A present help when dangers press;
In him undaunted we'll confide:
Tho' earth were from her centre tost,
And mountains in the ocean lost,
Safe in his arms shall we abide.

A gentle stream, with gladness still,
The city of our God shall fill,
The royal seat of God most high:
God dwells in Sion, whose fair tow'rs
Shall mock th' assaults of earthly pow'rs,
While his almighty aid is nigh.

Submit to God's almighty sway,
Him shall the heathen all obey,
And earth her sov'reign Lord confess;
The God of hosts conducts our arms,
Our tower of refuge in alarms,
Our father also in distress.

PSALMS.

PSALM 51. *First Part.* N. V.

HAVE mercy, Lord, on me,
As thou wert ever kind;
Let me, oppress'd with loads of guilt,
Thy wonted mercy find.

Against thee, Lord, alone,
And only in thy sight,
Have I transgress'd; and tho' condemn'd,
Must own thy judgments right.

In guilt each part was form'd
Of all this sinful frame:
In guilt I was conceiv'd, and born
The heir of sin and shame.

Blot out my foul offence,
Nor me in anger view;
Create in me a heart that's clean,
An upright mind renew.

A broken spirit is
By God most highly priz'd,
By him a broken contrite heart
Shall never be despis'd.

PSALMS.

PSAL. 51. *Second Part.* w. v.

O THOU that hear'st when sinners cry,
Though all my crimes before thee lie,
Reject me not with angry look,
But blot their mem'ry from thy book.

I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banish'd from thy sight;
Thy saving grace, O Lord, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.

Though I have griev'd thy Spirit, Lord,
His help and comfort still afford;
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son!

My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy awful sentence just;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save a soul condemn'd to die!

Then will I teach the world thy ways,
Sinners shall learn thy sov'reign grace;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pard'ning God.

PSALMS.

PSAL. 60. *Part. N. V.*

O GOD, who hast our troops dispers'd
Forsaking those who left thee first;
As we thy just displeasure mourn,
To us in mercy, Lord, return,

Our strength, that firm as earth did stand,
Is rent by thy avenging hand:
O heal the breaches thou hast made!
We shake, we fall, without thy aid.

Do thou our fainting cause sustain,
For human succours are but vain.
Fresh strength and courage God bestows:
'Tis he treads down our proudest foes.

*Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heav'nly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.*

PSALMS.

PSAL. 62. *Part. N. V.*

MY soul for help on God relies ;
From him alone my safety flows :
My rock, my health, that strength supplies
To bear the shock of all my foes.

God does his saving health dispense,
And flowing blessings daily send :
He is my fortress and defence ;
On him my soul shall still depend.

In him, ye people, always trust ;
Before his throne pour out your hearts ;
For God, the merciful and just,
His timely aid to us imparts.

*Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise him all creatures here below ;
Praise him above, ye heav'nly host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.*

P S A L M S.

PSAL. 63. *Part. w. v.*

GREAT God, indulge my humble claim,
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest;
The glories that compose thy name
Stand all engag'd to make me blest.

Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
Thou art my Father and my God;
And I am thine by sacred ties,
Thy son, thy servant, bought with blood.

With heart, and eyes, and lifted hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look,
As travellers, parch'd in thirsty lands,
Long for the cooling water-brook.

I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise;
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And spend the remnant of my days.

PSALMS.

PSAL. 65. *Part. w. v.*

PRAISE waits in Sion, Lord, for thee,
There shall our vows be paid;
Thou hast an ear when sinners pray:
All flesh shall seek thine aid.

Lord, our iniquities prevail,
But pard'ning grace is thine,
And thou wilt grant us pow'r and skill
To conquer every sin.

Blest are the men whom thou wilt chuse
To bring them near thy face,
Give them a dwelling in thine house,
To feast upon thy grace.

In answering what thy church requests,
Thy truth and terror shine,
And works of dreadful righteousness
Fulfil thy kind design.

PSALMS.

PSAL. 67. *Part. N. V.*

TO bless thy chosen race,
In mercy, Lord, incline,
And cause the brightness of thy face
On all thy saints to shine.

That so thy wondrous way
May through the world be known :
While distant lands their tribute pay,
And thy salvation own.

Let diff'ring nations join
To celebrate thy fame ;
Let all the world, O Lord, combine,
To praise thy glorious name.

O let them shout and sing,
Dissolv'd in pious mirth :
For thou, the righteous Judge and King,
Shalt govern all the earth.

PSALMS.

PSAL. 68. *Part. N. V.*

LORD, when thou didst ascend on high,
Ten thousand angels fill'd the sky;
Those heav'nly guards around thee wait.
Like chariots that attend thy state.

Not Sinai's mountain could appear
More glorious, when the Lord was there;
While he pronounc'd his dreadful law,
And struck the chosen tribes with awe.

How bright the triumph none can tell,
When the rebellious powr's of hell,
That thousand souls had captive made,
Were all in chains, like captives, led.

Rais'd by his Father to the throne,
He sent the promis'd Spirit down,
With gifts and grace for rebel men,
That God might dwell on earth again.

*Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heav'nly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.*

PSALMS.

PSAL. 71. *Part. N. V.*

IN thee I put my stedfast trust,
Defend me, Lord, from shame :
Incline thine ear, and save my soul,
For righteous is thy name.

Thy constant care did safely guard
My tender infant days ;
Thou took'st me from my mother's womb,
To sing thy constant praise.

Thy righteous acts, and saving health,
My mouth shall still declare ;
Unable yet to count them all,
Though summ'd with utmost care.

While God vouchsafes me his support,
I'll in his strength go on ;
All other righteousness disclaim,
And mention his alone.

P S A L M S.

PSAL. 72. *First Part.* N. V.

TO Christ shall constant prayer be made,
Through all his prosp'rous days :
His just dominion shall afford
A lasting theme of praise.

For he shall set the humble free,
When they for succour cry ;
Shall save the helpless and the poor,
And all their wants supply.

His providence for needy souls
Shall due supplies prepare,
And over their defenceless heads
Shall watch with tender care.

He shall descend like rain that cheers
The meadow's second birth ;
Or like warm show'rs whose gentle drops
Refresh the thirsty earth.

In his blest days the just and good
Shall be with favour crown'd :
The happy land shall every where
With endless peace abound.

PSALMS.

PSAL. 72. *Second Part.* N. V

THE mem'ry of Christ's glorious name
Through endless years shall run ;
His spotless fame shall shine more bright
And lasting than the sun.

In him the nations of the world
Shall be completely blest,
And his unbounded happiness
By every tongue confest.

Then bless'd be God, the mighty Lord,
The God whom Israel fears ;
Who, only wondrous in his works,
Beyond compare appears.

Let earth be with his glory fill'd ;
For ever bless his name ;
Whilst to his praise the list'ning world
Their glad assent proclaim,

P S A L M S.

PSAL. 73. *Part, N. V.*

AT length, by certain proofs, 'tis plain
That God will to his saints be kind;
That all, whose hearts are pure and clean,
Shall his protecting favour find.

Till this sustaining truth I knew,
My stagg'ring feet had almost fail'd,
I griev'd the sinners' wealth to view,
And envy'd when the fools prevail'd.

Yet still thy presence me supply'd,
And thy right-hand assistance gave;
Thou first shalt with thy counsel guide,
And then to glory me receive.

Whom then in heav'n, but thee alone,
Have I, whose favour I require;
Throughout the spacious earth there's none
That I, besides thee, can desire.

My trembling flesh, and aching heart
May often fail to succour me;
But God shall inward strength impart,
And my eternal portion be.

PSALMS.

PSAL. 84. *Part. N. V.*

O GOD of hosts, the mighty Lord,
How lovely is the place !
Where thou, enthron'd in glory, shew'st
The brightness of thy face.

Thrice happy they whose choice has thee
Their sure protection made ;
Who long to tread the sacred ways
That to thy dwelling lead.

They shall proceed from strength to strength
And still approach more near,
Till all on Sion's holy mount
Before their God appear.

For God who is our sun and shield,
Will grace and glory give ;
And no good thing will he withhold
From them that godly live.

Thou God, whom heav'nly hosts obey,
How highly blest is he
Whose hope and trust, securely plac'd,
Is still repos'd on thee.

PSALMS.

PSAL. 89. *First Part. w. v.*

FOR ever shall my song record
The truth and mercy of the Lord :
Mercy and truth for ever stand,
Like heav'n, establish'd by his hand.

Thus to his Son he sware, and said,
“ With thee my cov'nant first is made ;
“ In thee shall dying sinners live,
“ Glory and grace are thine to give.

“ In thee their prophet and their priest,
“ Thy children shall be ever blest ;
“ Thou art my chosen King : thy throne
“ Shall stand eternal like my own.”

Now let the church rejoice, and sing
Jesus her Saviour and her King ;
Angels his heav'nly wonders shew,
And saints declare his works below.

D

PSALMS.

PSAL. 89. *Second Part w. v.*

BLEST are the souls that hear and know
The Gospel's joyful sound ;
Peace shall attend the path they go,
And light their steps surround.

Their joy shall bear their spirits up,
Through their Redeemer's name ;
His righteousness exalts their hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.

The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and Salvation gives :
Israel, thy King for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

PSAL. 90. *Part. N. v.*

O LORD the Saviour and defence
Of us thy chosen race,
From age to age thou still hast been
Our sure abiding-place,

PSALMS.

Thou turnest man, O Lord, to dust,
Of which he first was made ;
And when thou speak'st the word, Return,
'Tis instantly obey'd.

Beneath thy anger's sad effects
Our drooping days we spend ;
Our unregarded years break off
Like tales that quickly end.

So teach us, Lord, th' uncertain sum
Of our short days to mind,
That to true wisdom all our hearts
May ever be inclin'd.

To satisfy and cheer our souls,
Thy early mercy send ;
That we may all our days to come
In peace and comfort spend.

Let thy bright beams upon us shine,
Give thou our work success ;
The glorious work we have in hand
Do thou vouchsafe to bless.

PSALMS.

PSAL. 91. *Part. o. v.*

HE that within the secret place
Of God most high doth dwell,
Under the shadow of his grace
He shall be safe and well.

Thou art my hope and my strong hold,
I to the Lord will say;
My God he is, in him will I
My whole affiance stay.

He shall defend thee from the snare
Which Satan's malice laid,
And from the pestilence of sin,
Whereof thou art afraid.

God, with his wings shall cover thee,
And keep thee safely there:
His faithfulness and truth shall be
Thy mighty shield and spear.

*To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
All glory be therefore,
As in beginning was, is now,
And shall be evermore.*

PSALMS.

PSAL. 92. *Part. N. V.*

HOW wondrous are thy works, O Lord,
How deep are thy decrees !
Whose winding tracks, in secret laid,
No stupid sinner sees.

He little thinks, when wicked men,
Like grass look fresh and gay,
How soon their short-liv'd splendor must
For ever pass away.

But righteous men, like fruitful palms,
Shall make a glorious show,
As cedars that on Lebanon
In stately order grow.

These planted in the house of God,
Within his courts shall thrive,
Their vigour and their lustre both
Shall in old age revive.

Thus will the Lord his justice shew,
And God, my strong defence,
Shall due rewards to all the world
Impartially dispense.

PSALMS:

PSAL. 93. *Part. N. v.*

WITH glory clad, with strength array'd,
The Lord, that o'er all nature reigns,
The world's foundations strongly laid,
And the vast fabrick still sustains.

How surely stablish'd is thy throne,
Which shall no change or period see!
For thou, O Lord, and thou alone,
Art God from all eternity.

The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
And toss the troubled waves on high;
But God above can still their noise,
And make the angry sea comply.

Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure,
And they that in thy house would dwell,
That happy station to secure
Must still in holiness excel.

P S A L M S.

PSAL. 94. *Part. N. v.*

BLEST is the man whom thou, O Lord,
In kindness dost chastise,
And by thy sacred rules to walk
Dost lovingly advise.

This man shall rest and safety find
In seasons of distress;
Whilst God prepares a pit for those
That stubbornly transgress.

Long since had I in silence slept,
But that the Lord was near
To stay me when I slept; when sad,
My troubled heart to cheer.

For God will never from his saints
His favour wholly take;
His own possession and his lot
He will not quite forsake.

PSALMS.

PSAL. 95. *Part. o. v.*

○ COME, let us lift up our voice,
And sing unto the Lord;
In him, our rock of health, rejoice
Let us with one accord.

Yea, let us come before his face,
To give him thanks and praise;
In singing psalms unto his grace
Let us be glad always.

Come, let us bow unto the Lord,
Before him let us fall,
And worship him with one accord,
The Maker of us all.

He is indeed the Lord our God,
For us he doth provide;
We are his flock, he doth us feed;
His sheep, and he our guide.

PSALMS.

PSAL. 96. *Part. 6. v.*

SING ye unto the Lord alway,
Bless ye his holy name ;
Declare and shew from day to day
Salvation by the same.

Ascribe unto the Lord our God,
All men with one accord,
Glory and strength for evermore
Ascribe unto the Lord.

In beauty of his holiness
See ye adore his grace ;
Let all the earth's inhabitants
Worship before his face :

Before the Lord, because he comes,
Because he comes with might,
With equity to judge the world,
And give to all their right.

PSALMS.

PSAL. 97. *First Part.* w. v.

HE reigns; the Lord, the Saviour reigns!
Praise him in evangelic strains:
Let the whole earth in songs rejoice,
And distant islands join their voice.

Deep are his counsels, and unknown:
But grace and truth support his throne:
Tho' gloomy clouds his way surround,
Justice is their eternal ground.

In robes of judgment, lo! he comes,
Shakes the wide earth, and cleaves the tombs!
Before him burns devouring fire,
The mountains melt, the seas retire.

His enemies, with sore dismay,
Fly from the sight, and shun the day:
Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high,
And sing, for your redemption's nigh.

PSALMS.

PSAL. 97. *Second Part. N. V.*

THOU, Lord our God, art seated high,
Above earth's potentates enthron'd :
Thy name unrival'd in the sky,
Supreme by all the gods is own'd.

You who to serve this Lord aspire,
Abhor what's ill, and truth esteem :
He'll keep his people's souls entire,
And them from wicked hands redeem.

For seeds are sown of glorious light,
A future harvest for the just ;
And gladness for the heart that's right,
To recompense its pious trust.

Rejoice, ye righteous, in the Lord ;
Memorials of his holiness
Deep in your faithful breasts record,
And with your thankful tongues confess.

PSALMS.

PSAL. 98. *Part. M. v.*

SING to the God whom we adore;
O sing in lays unheard before,
The mercies shewn us from above,
The wonders of redeeming Love.

His hand exerted in our aid,
His hand those wonders has display'd;
His holy arm salvation sends,
And conquest on its stroke attends.

His justice through the world has shin'd,
His truth with endless mercy join'd,
Now seals the promise of his grace
To faithful Abraham's chosen race.

Ye distant realms, your voice employ
In shouts of gratitude and joy;
For earth, to just obedience aw'd,
Has own'd her Saviour and her God,

PSALMS.

PSAL. 99. *Part. w. v.*

THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
Let all the nations fear,
Let sinners tremble at his throne,
And saints be humble there.

Jesus the Saviour reigns,
Let earth adore its Lord ;
Bright cherubs his attendants stand,
Swift to fulfil his word.

In Sion is his throne,
His honours are divine ;
His church shall make his wonders known,
For there his glories shine.

How holy is his name !
How terrible his praise !
Justice, and truth, and judgment, join
In all his works of grace.

PSALMS.

PSAL. 100. O. V.

ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with fear, his praise forth tell:
Come ye before him and rejoice.

The Lord, ye know, is God indeed,
Without our aid he did us make:
We are his flock, he doth us feed,
And for his sheep he doth us take.

O enter then his gates with praise,
Approach with joy his courts unto
Praise, laud, and bless his name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure:
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

PSALMS.

PSAL. 101. *Part. M. V.*

MERCY, judgment, now my tongue
Makes the subject of my song :
Lord ! to whom then shall I sing,
But to thee, eternal King ?

Wisdom shall my footsteps guide,
Nor permit my feet to slide,
Or from thy all-perfect way,
Lost in paths of sin, to stray.

When, O when, celestial guest,
Shall my roof with thee be blest ?
Lo ! my heart with studious care
For thy presence I prepare.

Ne'er may my presumptuous hand
Dare to break thy just command ;
Ne'er within me may'st thou find
Aught that speaks a faithless mind,

*To th' eternal Three be giv'n
Praise on earth, and praise in heav'n,
Such as was through ages past,
Is, and shall for ever last.*

PSALMS.

PSAL. 102. *Part. N. V.*

WHEN I pour out my soul in prayer,
Do thou, O Lord attend;
To thy eternal throne of grace
Let my sad cry ascend.

O hide not thou thy glorious face
In times of deep distress :
Incline thine ear, and, when I call,
My sorrows soon redress.

My days, just hast'ning to their end,
Are like an evening shade :
My beauty does, like wither'd grass,
With waning lustre fade.

But thy eternal state, O Lord,
No length of time shall waste ;
The memory of thy wondrous works
From age to age shall last.

PSALMS.

PSAL. 103. *First Part. o. v.*

MY soul, give laud unto the Lord,
My spirit do the same :
And all the secrets of my heart,
Praise ye his holy name.

Praise thou the Lord, my soul, who hath
To thee been very kind ;
And suffer not his benefits
To slip out of thy mind.

Who gave thee pardon for thy faults,
And thee restor'd again
From all thy weak and frail disease,
And heal'd thee of thy pain.

Who did redeem thy life from death,
From which thou could'st not flee :
His mercy and compassion both
He did extend to thee.

E

PSALMS.

PSAL. 103. *Second Part. N. V*

THE Lord abounds with tender love,
And unexampled acts of grace :
His waken'd wrath doth slowly move,
His willing mercy flies apace.

God will not always harshly chide,
But with his anger quickly part ;
And loves his punishments to guide
More by his love than our desert.

As high as heav'n it's arch extends
Above this little spot of clay,
So much his boundless love transcends
The small respects that we can pay.

As far as 'tis from east to west,
So far has he our sins remov'd,
Who with a father's tender breast
Has such as fear'd him always lov'd.

Let every creature jointly bless
The mighty Lord: and thou, my heart,
With grateful joy thy thanks exprefs,
And in this concert bear thy part.

PSALMS.

PSAL. 104. *First Part.* o. v.

MY soul praise the Lord,
Speak good of his name;
O Lord, our great God,
How dost thou appear!
Surpassing in glory
How great is thy fame!
Honour and Majesty
In thee shine most clear.

With light as a robe,
Thou hast thyself clad,
Whereby all the earth
Thy greatness may see.
The heavens in such sort
Thou also hast spread,
That they to a curtain
Compared may be.

How sundry, O Lord,
Are all thy works found?
With wisdom most great
They are indeed wrought;

PSALMS.

So that all creation
Of thy praise doth sound;
Thy grace and thy riches
Exceed all men's thought.

*By angels in heaven
Of every degree,
And saints upon earth,
All praise be addrest
To God in three persons,
One God ever blest,
As it has been, now is,
And always shall be.*

PSALMS.

PSAL. 104. *Second Part. 9. v.*

ALL things on thee wait,
Thou dost them relieve,
And thou, our great God,
Full well dost them feed;
And when it doth please thee
The same for to give,
They gather most gladly
Those things which they need.

Thou openest thy hand,
And they find such grace
That they with good things
Are filled we see;
But sore they are troubled,
If thou hide thy face,
For if thou their breath take,
Vile dust then they be:

Again, when thy Spirit
From thee doth proceed,
All things to appoint,
And what shall ensue,

P S A L M S.

Then are they created
As thou hast decreed,
And dost by thy goodness
Thine image renew.

*By angels in heaven
Of every degree
And saints upon earth,
All praise be addrest
To God in three persons,
One God ever blest,
As it has been, now is,
And always shall be.*

P S A L M S.

PSAL. 105. *Part. N. v.*

O Render thanks and blefs the Lord,
Invoke his facred name ;
Acquaint the nations with his deeds,
His matchlefs deeds proclaim :

Sing to his praise, in lofty hymns,
His wondrous works rehearse ;
Make them the theme of your discourse,
And subject of your verse.

Rejoice in his almighty name,
Alone to be ador'd,
And let their hearts o'erflow with joy
That humbly seek the Lord.

The wonders that his hands have wrought,
Keep thankfully in mind ;
The righteous statutes of his mouth,
And laws to us assign'd.

Seek ye the Lord, his saving strength
Devoutly still implore ;
And where he's ever present, seek
His face for evermore.

PSALMS.

PSAL. 106. *Part. N. V.*

O Render thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love ;
Whose mercy firm through ages past
Has stood, and shall for ever last.

Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast, but numberless ?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise ?

Extend to me, that favour, Lord,
Thou to thy chosen dost afford :
When thou return'st to set them free,
Let thy salvation visit me.

O may I worthy prove to see
Thy saints in full prosperity ;
That I the joyful choir may join,
And count thy people's triumph mine.

Let Israel's God be ever blest,
His name eternally confest ;
Let all his saints with full accord
Sing loud Amens—praise ye the Lord.

PSALMS.

PSAL. 107. *Part. N. v.*

TO God your grateful voices raise,
Who does your daily patron prove;
And let your never-ceasing praise
Attend on his eternal love.

For he, from heav'n, the sad estate
Of longing souls with pity views;
To hungry souls that pant for meat,
His goodness daily food renews.

Some lay, with darkness compass'd round,
In Death's uncomfortable shade;
With chains of evil habits bound,
Which conscious guilt more heavy made.

Because God's counsel they defy'd,
And lightly priz'd his holy word,
With these afflictions they were try'd:
They fell, and none could help afford.

But when to God's paternal ear
They did their mournful cry address,
He graciously vouchsaf'd to hear,
And freed them from their deep distress.

P S A L M S.

O then that all the earth with me
Would God for this his goodness praise!
And for the mighty works which he
Thro'out the wond'ring world displays.

PSAL. 108. *Part. n. v.*

O GOD, my heart is fully bent
To magnify thy name;
My tongue with cheerful songs of praise,
Shall celebrate thy fame.

To all the list'ning tribes, O Lord,
Thy wonders I will tell,
And to those nations sing thy praise
That round about us dwell:

Because thy mercy's boundless height
The highest heav'n transcends,
And far beyond th'aspiring clouds
Thy faithful truth extends.

Be thou, O God, exalted high
Above the starry frame,
And let the world with one consent,
Confess thy glorious name.

P S A L M S.

PSAL. IIO. *Part. M. v.*

THUS to my Lord the Almighty said,
In awful majesty array'd
Come, seat thee at my own right-hand,
Till all submit to thy command.

Thy God from Sion's lofty tow'r
Shall bid thee stretch thy rod of pow'r;
Victorious o'er the rebel train,
Arise and vindicate thy reign.

Behold the long-expected day,
When willing crowds their homage pay;
To thee their grateful offerings bring,
And hail their Saviour and their King.

Thy future race of children view,
More num'rous than the drops of dew,
When the bright beams of Gospel-light
Shall chase away the shades of night,

P S A L M S.

PSAL. III. *Part. N. V.*

PRAISE ye the Lord; our God to praise
My soul her utmost powers shall raise,
With private friends, and in the throng
Of saints, his praise shall be my song.

His works are all of matchless fame,
And universal glory claim;
His truth, confirm'd through ages past,
Shall to eternal ages last.

By precept he has us enjoin'd
To keep his wondrous works in mind;
And to posterity record
That good and gracious is the Lord.

His bounty, like a flowing tide,
Has all his servants' wants supply'd,
And he will ever keep in mind
His cov'nant with our fathers sign'd.

Who Wisdom's sacred prize would win,
Must with the fear of God begin;
Immortal praise and heav'nly skill
Have they who know and do his will.

PSALMS.

PSAL. 112. *Part. w. v.*

THAT man is blest who fears the Lord,
Loves his commands, and trusts his word;
Honour and peace his days attend,
And blessings on his seed descend.

Compassion dwells upon his mind,
To works of mercy still inclin'd:
He lends the poor some present aid,
Or gives them, not to be repaid.

When times grow dark, and tidings spread,
That fill his neighbours round with dread,
His heart is arm'd against the fear,
For God with all his pow'r is there.

His soul, establish'd in the Lord,
Draws heav'nly courage from his word;
Amidst the darkness light shall rise,
To cheer his heart and bless his eyes.

He hath dispers'd his alms abroad,
His works are still before his God;
His name on earth shall long remain,
While envious sinners fret in vain.

PSALMS.

PSAL. III3. *Part. N. V.*

YE saints and servants of the Lord,
The triumphs of his name record ;
His sacred name for ever bless.
Where'er the circling sun displays
His rising beams or setting rays,
Due praise to his great name address.

God through the world extends his sway:
The regions of eternal day
But shadows of his glory are.
To him whose majesty excels,
Who made the heav'n in which he dwells,
Let no created power compare.

Though 'tis below his state to view
In highest heav'ns what angels do,
Yet he to earth vouchsafes his care.
He takes the needy from his cell,
Within his sacred court to dwell,
Companion to the greatest there.

*To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heav'ns triumphant host
And suffering saints on earth adore,*

PSALMS.

*glory as in ages past,
as now it is, and so shall last,
When time itself must be no more.*



PSAL. 116. *Part. s. v.*

JOY has taken full possession
Of my heart and triumphs there ;
Since through Christ his intercession,
God has hearken'd to my prayer ;
Since his gracious ear inclining,
He has heard my fervent vow,
To his name the praise assigning,
All my life my knees shall bow.

God receives to his protection
Sinners when they do repent ;
I was sunk in great dejection,
And his Comforter he sent.
Turn again then to thy Saviour,
O my soul, and take thy rest ;
He has seen thy meek behaviour,
And with tender mercy blest :

PSALMS.

For in answer to my calling,
He from death my soul has freed,
Eyes from tears and feet from falling,
And supply'd my every need.
In the land then of the living
I shall walk before the Lord ;
And my tribute of thanksgiving,
Daily to his name afford.

*May the grace of Christ, our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above !
Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord ;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.*

PSALMS.

PSAL. 117. w. v.

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise :
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

Eternal are thy mercies, Lord ;
Eternal truth attends thy word :
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

*Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him all creatures here below ;
Praise him above, ye heav'nly host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.*

PSAL. 118. Part. w. v.

THAT which the builders once refus'd
Is now the corner stone ;
This is the wondrous work of God,
The work of God alone.

P S A L M S.

This is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own ;
Let heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

To-day he rose and left the dead,
And Satan's Empire fell ;
To-day the saints his triumphs spread,
And all his wonders tell.

Hosanna to th'anointed King,
To David's holy Son :
Help us, O Lord, descend and bring
Salvation from thy throne.

Blest be the Lord who comes to men
With messages of grace ;
Who comes in God his Father's name
To save our sinful race.

Hosanna in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise ;
The highest heav'ns in which he reigns
Shall give him nobler praise.

P S A L M S.

PSAL. 119. *First Part. N. V.*

HOW shall the young preserve their ways
From all pollution free?
By making, Lord, their course of life
With thy commands agree.

With hearty zeal for thee I seek,
To thee for succour pray;
O suffer not my careless steps
From thy right paths to stray.

Safe in my heart, and closely hid,
Thy word, my treasure, lies;
To succour me with timely aid,
When sinful thoughts arise.

Secur'd by that, my grateful soul
Shall ever bless thy name:
O teach me then by thy just laws
My future life to frame.

PSALMS.

PSAL. 119. *Second Part.* N. V.

MY soul, oppress'd with deadly care,
Close to the dust does cleave;
Revive me, Lord, and let me now
Thy promis'd aid receive.

To thee I still declar'd my ways,
And thou inclin'd'st thine ear;
O teach me then my future life
By thy just laws to steer.

If thou wilt make me know thy laws,
And by their guidance walk,
The wondrous works which thou hast done
Shall be my constant talk.

So in the way of thy commands
Shall I with pleasure run,
And, with a heart enlarg'd with joy,
Successfully go on.

P S A L M S.

PSAL. 119 *Third Part.* N. V.

ACCORDING to thy promis'd grace,
Thy favour, Lord, extend:
Make good to me the word on which
Thy servant's hopes depend.

So shall I, when my foes upbraid,
This ready answer make:
"In God I trust, who never will
"His faithful promise break."

Do thou to thy most just commands
Incline my willing heart;
Let no desire of worldly wealth
From thee my thoughts divert.

From those vain objects turn my eyes,
Which this false world displays,
But give me lively pow'r and strength
To keep thy righteous ways.

P S A L M S.

PSAL. 119. *Fourth Part. N. V.*

WITH me, thy servant, thou hast dealt
Most graciously, O Lord ;
Repeated benefits bestow'd,
According to thy word.

'Tis good for me that I have felt
Affliction's chaf't'ning rod,
That I might duly learn and keep
The statutes of my God.

That right thy judgments are, I now
By sure experience see ;
And that in faithfulness, O Lord,
Thou hast afflicted me.

O let thy tender mercy still
Afford me needful aid,
According to thy promise, Lord,
To me thy servant made.

In thy blest statutes let my heart
Continue always sound,
That guilt and shame, the sinner's lot,
May never me confound.

PSALMS.

PSAL. 119. *Fifth Part.* N. V.

MY hiding-place, my refuge, tow'r,
And shield art thou, O Lord ;
I firmly anchor all my hopes
On thy unerring word.

Thy word is to my feet a lamp,
The way of truth to shew :
A watch-light to point out the path
In which I ought to go.

The wonders which thy laws contain,
No words can represent ;
Therefore to learn and practise them,
My zealous heart is bent.

The very entrance to thy word
Celestial light displays,
And knowledge of true happiness
To simplest minds conveys.

Eternal and unerring rules
Thy testimonies give :
Teach me the wisdom that will make
My soul for ever live.

PSALMS.

PSAL. 119. *Sixth Part.* N. V.

WITH favour, Lord, look down on me
Who thy relief implore ;
As thou art wont to visit those
That thy blest name adore.

Directed by thy heav'nly word,
Let all my footsteps be,
Nor wickedness of any kind
Dominion have o'er me.

On me, devoted to thy fear,
Lord make thy face to shine :
Thy statutes both to know and keep,
My heart with zeal incline.

Then shall my grateful lips return
The tribute of their praise,
When thou thy counsels hast reveal'd,
And taught me thy just ways.

My tongue the praises of thy word
Shall thankfully resound,
Because thy promises are all
With truth and justice crown'd.

PSALMS.

PSAL. 121. *Part. N. v.*

TO Sion's hill I lift my eyes,
From thence expecting aid;
From Sion's hill and Sion's God,
Who heav'n and earth has made,

Thou then, my soul, in safety rest,
Thy guardian will not sleep,
His watchful care, that Israel guards,
Will Israel's household keep.

Shelter'd beneath th' Almighty's wings,
Thou shalt securely rest
Where neither sun or moon shall thee
By day or night molest.

At home, abroad, in peace, in war,
Thy God shall thee defend;
Conduct thee thro' life's pilgrimage
Safe to thy journey's end.

PSALMS.

PSAL. 125. *Part. o. v. A.*

THOSE who, with holy confidence,
Trust on the Lord for their defence,
Secur'd by his protecting hand,
Shall stedfast as mount Sion stand.

And as the mighty hills surround
Majestic Salem's hallow'd ground,
So round his people, widely spread,
Shall God his guardian influence shed.

Far from that people shall he still
Remove the dang'rous powers of ill,
Lest they infect his favour'd race,
And turn them from the paths of grace.

That God, whose law is Virtue's guide,
Will humble all the sons of Pride,
And fill alone the faithful breast
With joy and everlasting rest.

PSALMS.

PSAL. I 30. N. V.

FROM lowest depths of woe,
To God I sent my cry :
Lord ! hear my supplicating voice
And graciously reply.

Should'st thou severely judge,
Who can the trial bear ;
But thou forgiv'st, lest we despond,
And quite renounce thy fear.

My soul with patience waits
For thee the living Lord ;
My hopes are on thy promise built,
Thy never-failing word.

My longing eyes look out
For thy enliv'ning ray,
More duly than the morning watch,
To 'spy the dawning day.

Let Israel trust in God,
No bounds his mercy knows ;
The plenteous source and spring from whence,
Eternal succour flows.

P. S A L M S.

Whose friendly streams to us
Supplies in want convey;
A healing spring, a spring to cleanse
And wash our guilt away.

PSAL. I 32. *Part. w. v.*

ARISE, O Lord of hosts, arise,
And enter to thy rest,
Lo! thy church waits with longing eyes,
Thus to be own'd and blest.

Here, mighty God, accept our vows,
Here let thy praise be spread;
Bless the provisions of thy house,
And fill thy poor with bread.

Let Sion's sons rejoice, her priests
Thy saving health confess;
Her saints, in number still increas'd,
With peace and plenty bless.

Here let the Son of David reign,
Let God's Anointed shine;
Justice and truth his court maintain,
With love and power divine.

PSALMS.

PSAL. I 34. W. V.

YE that to serve the King of kings
Attend his holy place,
Bow to the glories of his pow'r,
And bless his wondrous grace.

Lift up your hands by morning light,
And send your souls on high;
Raise your admiring thoughts by night
Above the starry sky.

The God of Sion cheers our hearts
With beams of quick'ning grace;
The God that spreads the heav'ns abroad,
And rules the swelling seas.

*To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.*

PSALMS.

PSAL. 135. *Part. m. v.*

YE servants of your God, his fame
In songs of highest praise proclaim :
Ye who, on his commands intent,
The courts of Israel's Lord frequent.

Him praise, the everlasting King,
And Mercy's unexhausted spring :
Haste, to his name your voices rear ;
What name like his the heart can cheer ?

Thy greatness, Lord, my thoughts attest,
With awful gratitude imprest,
Nor know, among the seats divine,
A power that shall contend with thine.

Thy name, immortal God, thy praise
Shall ever live through endless days :
Let all whose heart his laws delight,
In thanks to him your songs unite.

P S A L M S.

PSAL. 136. *Part. N. V.*

TO God the mighty Lord,
Your joyful thanks repeat;
To him due praise afford,
As good as he is great.
For God does prove
Our constant friend,
His boundless love
Shall never end.

To him whose wondrous pow'r
All other gods obey,
Whom earthly kings adore,
This grateful homage pay.
For God does prove
Our constant friend,
His boundless love
Shall never end.

By his almighty hand
Amazing works are wrought;
The heav'ns by his command
Were to perfection brought.

PSALMS.

For God does prove
Our constant friend,
His boundless love
Shall never end.

He in our depths of woes
On us with favour thought,
And from our cruel foes
In peace and safety brought.
For God does prove
Our constant friend,
His boundless love
Shall never end.

He does the food supply
On which all creatures live:
To God who reigns on high,
Eternal praises give.
For God will prove
Our constant friend,
His boundless love
Shall never end.

PSALMS.

PSAL. 138. *Part. w. v.*

WITH all my pow'rs of heart and tongue
I'll praise my Maker in my song :
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
Approve the song, and join the praise.

I'll sing thy truth and mercy, Lord,
I'll sing the wonders of thy word ;
Not all thy works and names below
So much thy power and glory shew.

To God I cry'd when troubles rose,
He heard me, and subdu'd my foes ;
He did my rising fears control,
And strength diffus'd thro' all my soul.

Amidst a thousand snares I stand,
Upheld and guarded by thy hand ;
Thy words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.

Grace will complete what grace begins,
To save from sorrows as from sins :
The work that Wisdom undertakes,
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

PSALMS.

PSAL. 139. *Part. N. V.*

THOU, Lord, by strictest search hast known
My rising up and lying down ;
My secret thoughts are known by thee,
Known long before conceiv'd by me.

Thine eye my bed and path surveys,
My public haunts and private ways ;
Thou know'st what 'tis my lips would vent,
My yet unutter'd words intent.

Surrounded by thy power I stand,
On every side I feel thy hand.
O skill, for human reach too high !
Too dazzling bright for human eye !

O could I so perfidious be,
To think of once deserting thee !
Where, Lord, could I thy influence shun ?
Or whither from thy presence run ?

Search, try, O God, my thoughts and heart
If mischief lurks in any part ;
Correct me when I go astray,
And guide me in thy perfect way.

PSALMS

PSAL. 143. *Part. w. v.*

MY righteous Judge, my gracious God,
Hear when I spread my hands abroad,
And cry for succour from thy throne,
O make thy truth and mercy known.

Let judgment not against me pass ;
Behold thy servant pleads thy grace :
Should Justice call us to thy bar,
No man alive is guiltless there.

Break off my fetters, Lord, and shew
Which is the path my feet should go ;
If snares and foes beset the road,
I flee to hide me near my God :

Teach me to do thy holy will,
And lead me to thy heav'nly hill ;
Let the good Spirit of thy love
Conduct me to thy courts above.

PSALMS.

PSAL. 145. *First Part.* w. v.

MY God, my King, thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
Till death and glory raise the song.

The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear,
And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for thee.

Thy truth and justice I'll proclaim;
Thy bounty flows an endless stream:
Thy mercy swift, thine anger slow,
But dreadful to the stubborn foe.

Who can express thy wondrous deeds?
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds:
Vast and unsearchable thy ways!
Vast and immortal be thy praise!

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PSALMS.

PSAL. 145. *Second Part.* N. V

THE Lord does them support that fall,
And makes the prostrate rise;
For his kind aid all creatures call,
Who timely food supplies.

Whate'er their various wants require,
With open hand he gives;
And so fulfils the just desire
Of every thing that lives.

How holy is the Lord, how just!
How righteous all his ways!
How nigh to him, who with firm trust
For his assistance prays.

He saves and still preserves all those
Who him with fear adore,
And will their troubles soon compose,
When they his aid implore.

My time to come, in praises spent,
Shall still advance his fame,
And all mankind with one consent
For ever bless his name.

PSALMS.

PSAL. 146. w. v.

I'LL praise my Maker with my breath;
And, when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

Why should I make a man my trust?
Princes must die and turn to dust;
Vain is the help of flesh and blood;
Their breath departs, their pomp and pow'r,
And thoughts all vanish in an hour;
Nor can they make their promise good.

Happy the man whose thoughts rely
On Israel's God: he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train;
His truth for ever stands secure:
He saves th'oppress'd, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.

P S A L M S.

The Lord hath eyes to give the blind;
The Lord supports the sinking mind;
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace:
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.

He loves his saints, he knows them well,
But turns the wicked down to hell:

Thy God, O Sion, ever reigns:

Let every tongue, let every age,

In this exalted work engage;

Praise him in everlasting strains.

PSALMS.

PSAL. 147. *Part. w. v.*

PRAISE ye the Lord : 'tis good to raise
Our hearts and voices to his praise :
His nature and his works invite
To make this duty our delight.

The Lord builds up Jerusalem,
And gathers nations to his name :
His mercy melts the stubborn soul,
And makes the broken spirit whole.

He form'd the stars, those heav'nly flames,
He counts their numbers, calls their names :
His wisdom's vast and knows no bound,
A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd.

Great is our Lord, and great his might,
And all his glories infinite ;
He crowns the meek, rewards the just,
And treads the wicked to the dust.

PSALMS.

PSAL. 148. N. V.

YE boundless realms of joy,
Exalt your Maker's fame;
His praise your songs employ
Above the starry frame;
Your voices raise,
Ye Cherubim,
And Seraphim,
To sing his praise,

Thou moon that rul'st the night,
And sun that guid'st the day,
Ye glitt'ring stars of light,
To him your homage pay:
His praise declare,
Ye heav'ns above,
And clouds that move
In liquid air.

Let them adore the Lord,
And praise his holy name,
By whole almighty word
They all from nothing came;

P. S A L M S.

And all shall last
From changes free :
His firm decree
Stands ever fast.

United zeal be shewn,
His wondrous fame to raise,
Whose glorious name alone
Deserves our endless praise.
Earth's utmost ends
His power obey :
His glorious sway
The sky transcends.

His chosen saints to grace,
He sets them up on high,
And favours Israel's race,
Who still to him are nigh.
O therefore raise
Your grateful voice,
And still rejoice
The Lord to praise.

PSALMS.

PSAL. 149. *Part. N. V.*

O praise ye the Lord,
Prepare your glad voice,
His praise in the great
Assembly to sing.
In our great Creator
Let Israel rejoice.
And Children of Sion
Be glad in their King.

Let them his great name
Extol in the church;
With timbrel and harp
His praises express,
Who always takes pleasure
His saints to enrich,
And with his salvation
The humble to bless.

With glory adorn'd,
His people shall sing
To God, who their beds
With safety does shield;

PSALMS.

Their mouths fill'd with praises
Of him their great King ;
While the sword of the Spirit
Their right-hand shall wield.

Thus shall they make good,
When sin they destroy,
The faithful decree
Which God does proclaim :
Such honour and triumph
His saints shall enjoy,
O therefore for ever
Exalt his great name.

PSALMS.

PSAL. 150. M. V.

PRAISE, O praise, the name divine,
Praise it at the hallow'd shrine;
Let the firmament on high
To its Maker's praise reply.

Be the harp no longer mute;
Sound the trumpet, touch the lute,
Wake to life the tuneful string;
Bring the pipe, the timbrel bring.

Let the organ in his praise
Learn its loudest note to raise,
And the cymbal's varying sound
From the vaulted roof rebound.

All who vital breath enjoy,
In his praise that breath employ,
And in one great chorus join;
Praise, O praise, the name divine.

*To th' eternal Three be giv'n
Praise on earth, and praise in heav'n;
Such as was through ages past,
Is, and shall for ever last,*

SUPPLEMENT.

VENI CREATOR. *First Part.* O.

COME, Holy Ghost, eternal God,
Proceeding from above,
Both from the Father and the Son,
The God of peace and love.

Visit our minds, and into us
Thy heav'nly grace inspire,
That for all truth and godliness
We may have full desire.

Our guilt remove, our foes subdue,
And help us to obtain
Peace in our hearts with God and man,
The best and truest gain.

Our weakness strengthen and confirm,
Which feeble is and frail,
That neither Devil, world, nor flesh
Against us may prevail.

Such plenty of thy saving grace,
Good Lord, grant us alway,
That thou may'st be our Comforter
In the last dreadful day.

SUPPLEMENT.

VENI CREATOR. *Second Part.* o.

COME, Holy Spirit, God of might,
The Comforter of all;
Teach us to hear and know thy word,
That we may never fall.

With favour, Lord, look on our land,
Defend us with thy shield;
Against all sin and wickedness
Help us to win the field.

O Lord, that gav'st the word of truth,
Sound preachers still supply,
That in the same we may be taught,
And therein live and die!

Depart not from thy Ministers,
But guide them all aright;
That thou, by them, may'st bring us out
Of darkness into light.

True faith in us, O Lord, increase,
Let hope and love abound,
And visit with thy saving health
The nations all around.

SUPPLEMENT.

COMMUNION HYMN. N.

THOU God, all glory, honour, might,
Art worthy to receive,
Since all things by thy hands were made,
And by thy bounty live.

And worthy is the Lamb, all praise,
Honour, and thanks to gain,
Glory and strength; who for our sins
A sacrifice was slain.

All worthy thou, who hast redeem'd
And ransom'd us to God,
From every nation, every tongue,
By thy most precious blood.

Blessing and glory, wisdom, pow'r,
By all in earth and heav'n,
To him that sits upon the throne,
And to the Lamb, be giv'n.

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THE END.

TABLE of PROPER PSALMS

For different Occasions.

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Pfal. 39—90—102.

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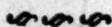
TABLE of TUNES,

And the PSALMS adapted to each.

TUNES.

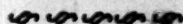
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Beveridge.



PSALMS.

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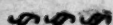
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